









"Jennifer, I'm leaving you for another woman. Just give me a few days to find one."

# JANUARY 2018 Volume 44 Number 9 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



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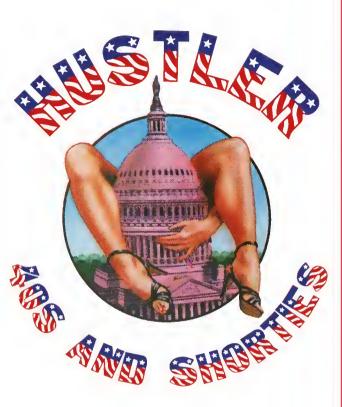
These filthy babes love pussy any time of day any which way, and you're invited to watch. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

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## TRUMP'S CHAINSAW MASSACRE

onald Trump came into office spouting the usual Republican mantra that government is the source of all of our problems. "If there's a new regulation, they have to knock out two," he said. So he's taken a chainsaw to more than 860 federal regulations since he's been in office, ground all that paper to pulp and buried it, claiming it's fertilizer for his promised 3% GDP growth. But even if he achieves the 3%—and that's questionable—what kind of barren, polluted ground will this corporate bumper crop leave behind?

So far Trump has killed, suspended or gutted regulations that restrict carbon emissions, oil drilling in the Arctic, power plants dumping toxins (including arsenic, lead and mercury) in rivers and lakes, use of brain-damaging pesticides, predatory payday loan sharks, concentrated media ownership, the Dodd-Frank Wall Street reforms...and the list goes on and on.

Of course we wouldn't need all of this government regulation if bankers and corporations behaved like angels, or even ethical human beings. But from Enron to Lehman Brothers to Merck to Wells Fargo, they've proven again and again that without regulatory oversight, they invariably go on white-collar crime sprees that cost the rest of us a bundle. The one-percenters rake in the spoils, while the greater public is poisoned, cheated and stuck with the bail-out bill.

Trump's gang of appointed industry cronies and ignoramuses have been violating the law in their rush to deregulate—specifically, the Administrative Procedure Act, which requires any new deregulation to calculate the costs to society, just like new regulations are required to calculate the costs to industry. For instance, the rule restricting toxic dumping by power plants had a calculated net benefit of \$565 million

according to Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) scientists, who took into account items like healthcare costs and the expense of having to clean up polluted waterways. But for Trump's short-term conquistadors, costs to society don't even enter into the equation.

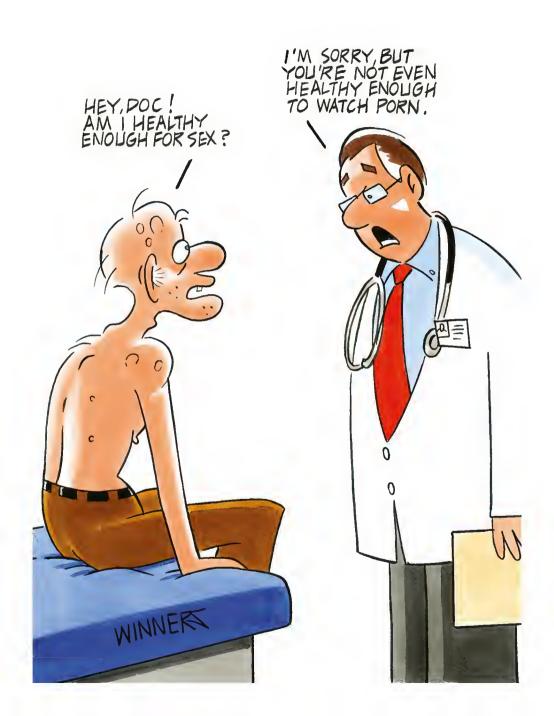
And whatever happened to the Glass-Steagall Act that Trump and the Republican Party platform vowed to reenact? That legislation kept our banking system and economy on a successful track for 60 years; yet Trump hasn't uttered a word about it since he took office. Instead he's letting the banksters run amok again.

The Department of Energy (DOE) is now almost as defunct as the EPA, with Rick Perry in charge—the man who wanted to abolish that agency, but couldn't remember its name in the 2012 Presidential debates. What does the DOE do? Half of its budget is devoted to the security of our nuclear arsenal; managing the gigantic toxic dumps at places like Hanford; and tracking nuclear materials proliferating around the world, possibly into the hands of terrorists. Trump said that Perry "should be forced to take an IQ test" and then appointed this hostile idiot to "manage" the DOE.

It's obvious that Trump and his whole team of third-rate hucksters and stooges should be forced to take an IQ test, but the average would probably be lower than Trump's approval rating.

Lay Thyo

Larry Flynt Publisher



## THE BLAME GAME

AMERICANS HAD PLENTY OF REASONS FOR NOT WANTING ANOTHER CLINTON IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

of you want to know how the country went to the dogs and elected Donald Trump our President, ponder a simple statistic recently issued by the U.S. Census Bureau: Americans' median household income finally eclipsed 1999's peak level in real dollars. After 18 years—many in deep recession followed by anemic economic growth—the nearly fatal damage of the catastrophic mortgage swindle has been overcome.

Not that \$59,000—on which 50% of typical American families get to live—is the high life, but it's a good indicator of how desperate those folks must have felt when even that standard was systematically eroded in the tidal swell of "liar loans," fraudulent collateralized debt obligations and other devilishly devious scams dreamt up by Wall Street con artists. And they got away with it virtually scot-free. No high-level banker went to jail, and some took home massive bonuses after their nearly bankrupt institutions were bailed out by the administrations of lame-duck Republican George W. Bush and his successor, Democrat Barack Obama

As I wrote in my book *The Great American Stickup*, Bill Clinton bears major responsibility for the economic meltdown of 2007-2008. As President in 1999, he signed off on several bills—supported by most Congressional Republicans and Democrats—deregulating the financial industry. No matter what actually triggered the crisis, millions of Americans lost their homes, and they no longer trusted the political system. That explains why so many voters in 2016 took a flyer on the most obviously corrupt snake oil salesman to ever win a U.S. Presidential election.

In her latest book, What Happened, Hillary Clinton explains how she managed to lose an election that should never have been at risk. Holding everyone except herself responsible for Trump's bizarre rise, she blames the Russians, The New York Times, homegrown good ol' boy racists and a vague category of "misogynist," as she labels WikiLeaks publisher Julian Assange and Vladimir Putin (pointedly ignoring her husband). But playing the blame game only shows that this terminally tone-deaf lady still doesn't get it.

Clinton particularly skewers Bernie Sanders for not being a real Democrat and for challenging her persistent servitude to the financial institutions that created the Great Recession. Her most strident complaints are Sanders' "outrage" over Wall Street money backing her campaigns, along with Wiki-Leaks posting the texts of three speeches she delivered at Goldman Sachs functions for fees totaling \$675,000. Clinton should have immediately made

public what she'd said or, better yet, not accepted those speaking engagements in the first place.

Thanks to WikiLeaks, we got to read those speeches, and they were a revelation. Not only did Clinton find no fault with Goldman Sachs, she also stated that if elected, she would bring more of its top bankers down to Washington to fix the faltening economy. These men—most notably former Goldman honcho Robert Rubin, previously Treasury secretary under her husband—engineered the deregulation of Wall Street, giving the crooks a perpetual get-out-of-iail-free card.

This is not fake news. The Financial Services Modernization Act and the Commodity Futures Modernization Act that Rubin designed and Bill Clinton signed into law made the sky the limit for ripping off unsuspecting consumers. The latter legislation specifically stated that no existing law or regulatory agency would have any jurisdiction over new (but phony) mortgage-backed securities. These toxic "assets" would ultimately saddle the world with trillions of dollars in unredeemable debt.

The 1930s banking regulation that Bill Clinton reversed—the Glass-Steagall Act—had been enshrined in the legacy of President Franklin Delano

Roosevelt, who enacted it during the Great Depression to save capitalism from itself. By ending Glass-Steagall, which kept commercial and investment banks separate, Clinton undoubtedly ensured Wall Street support for his wife's thenbudding career as a U.S. senator and future Presidential candidate from New York.

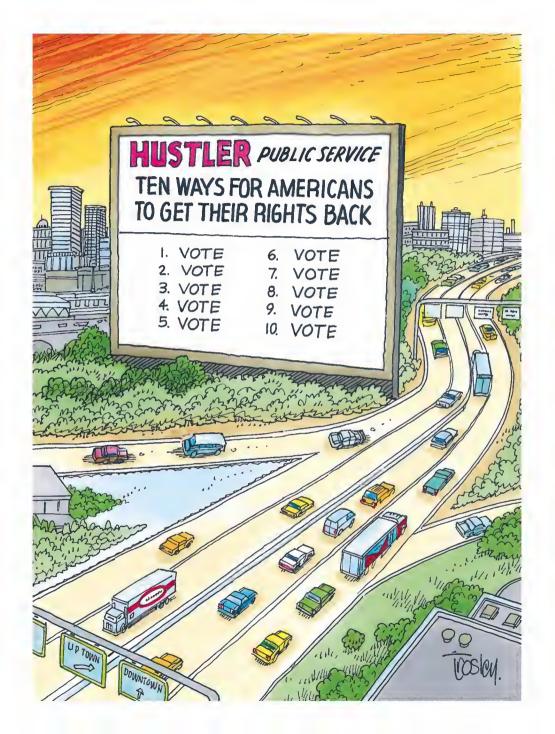
Clinton even gave one of the pens he used to sign the Financial Services Modernization Act to a delighted Sandy Weill, head of Citigroup—the first bank "too big to fail." (And the eventual recipient of \$476.2 billion in ballout money!) *Time* magazine named Weill, who led the push for deregulation, as one of the "25 People to Blame for the Financial Crisis." Bill Clinton also made the list.

After enduring almost two wasted decades of financial recession and stagnation, enough Americans lost their faith in the American dream that Donald Trump managed to be elected President. Well, he does have one "virtue": At least most of his swindles were a matter of public record rather than being smugly but all too obviously concealed.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of TruthDig.com. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.



"I blame Obama. If it wasn't for Obama, there wouldn't be a Donald Trump!"



### THE COWARDLY LIAR

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUMP'S TRANSGENDER BAN.

hen Donald Trump revealed his intention to prevent "transgender individuals" from "serv[ing] in any capacity in the U.S. Military," he lied about having consulted with his "generals and military experts." He hadn't. Pentagon officials were as stunned as the rest of the nation by the President's Twitter announcement.

But Trump is a wildly successful liar, so few were surprised by that part of the tweet. His supposed reasons for the order were far more insidious and dishonest: "Our military must be focused on decisive and overwhelming victory," he claimed, and cannot be burdened with the tremendous medical costs and disruption that transgender in the military would entail."

Those concems, however, had been thoroughly studied and debunked during the Obama Administration. We now have a President tweeting false facts (fake news) to justify discrimination that is unlikely to stand up in either a court of law or the court of public opinion—presuming the public is armed with accurate information.

Sue Fulton—a longtime advocate of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender military personnel—called Trump's proclamation "absurd" and "infuriating." One of the first women to graduate from the U.S. Military Academy, Fulton was president of the LGBT support group SPARTA when it worked with the Pentagon to help develop the policy Trump wants to overturn. The Pentagon, she told me, "specifically focused on answering the question of readiness and costs that, ironically, are being raised by the President after, I imagine, no study at all."

A 2016 study by the RAND Corporation found there are from 1,320 to 6,630 "transgender individuals" among 1.3 million on active duty. The study concluded that their medical care costs would only increase between \$2.4 million and \$8.4 million per year—around 1/1,000th of 1% of the Pentagon's annual budget.

Meanwhile the Palm Center determined that the cost of replacing a transgender service member averaged around \$75,000, far more than the average annual costs—just \$656 —for transition-related healthcare. So replacing transgender troops will cost taxpayers nearly \$1 billion, far more than the price of allowing those patriots to serve.

"The cost to train replacements for just two of our transgender military officers would pay for transgender healthcare for the entire force," Fulton told me, "and they're talking about displacing thousands of transgender service members."

So if Trump's "tremendous cost" rationale is a lie, what of the "disruption" he asserts transgender people cause in the ranks? The Department of Defense, during the Obama Administration, did not draw up its new trans policy "willy-nillly," Fulton explained. "They made it based on their judgment about military readiness. ... The Pentagon has determined that allowing transgender people to serve—to keeping that talent within the armed forces and continuing to recruit talent from as broad a pool as possible—is right, is the best thing to create the strongest possible force. That decision was made carefully and is being overthrown based on no evidence."

Fulton added, "it is impairing readiness to keep transgender people in the closet." To say to them not only are you continuing to bear the burden of service, but you have to bear the additional burden that you're not allowed to come out, that you're not allowed to get your necessary healthcare."

As an openly gay Army officer who attained the rank of captain before retiring, Fulton is qualified to assert, "When you pull out the commander, when you pull out the drill sergeant, the pilot, the doctor, the Marine, the Special Forces operator from a team, and send them home for no reason other than 'We just don't like your kind anymore,' that disrupts the entire unit. And that's the impact on the mission that I believe senior military leaders are most concerned with—and rightly so."

After agonizing for decades over allowing openly gay members to serve, Obama finally repealed the military's disruptive "don't ask, don't tell" policy. Since then, Fulton assured me, "problems have been zero." Obama's decision "is widely considered by the Pentagon and people in the force to be an unqualified success." The controversy. Fulton noted, was "a big nothing burger."

In 1968, at the height of the Vietnam War, Donald Trump was a fit 22-year-old who played football, tennis and squash in college, and he had an unblemished medical history. Student deferments made him ineligible to be drafted, but after graduation his classification was changed to "available for military service." He was then granted a medical deferment. When questioned by the press during the 2016 Presidential campaign, Trump said he obtained a letter from a doctor claiming he had a bone spur in one of his heels. He couldn't remember which one.

Trump may have been too cowardly or too wealthy to serve his nation during a time of war, but he shouldn't prevent those who aren't from doing so. And he certainly shouldn't be too cowardly to explain the real reasons he's trying to impose a military transgender ban.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated BradCast, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of The Brad Blog (BradBlog.com),



"It's okay, Melania. This is a very bad thing, but I'm the President of the United States, and I can make this all better. I hereby pardon myself."



**ASSHOLE** OF THE MONTH

he surest path to elected office in America is the ever popular vow to "get tough" on crime. "Getting tough" sounds better than "getting smart" on crime, which works better. So instead of smart district attorneys and sheriffs, we often get stupid tough guys with more phony brawn than brains. A lot of them turn out to be flaming assholes, but there's none more foul and fascistic than self-described

"America's toughest sheriff," Joe Arpaio.

He's most infamous, of course, for the worst episode of racial profiling in American history, according to the U.S. Department of Justice. The problem of illegal immigration can be debated, but Arpaio's Maricopa County deputies did not distinguish between undocumented aliens, documented aliens and Latin American citizens. His partols randomly stopped Latinos to check immigration status; the victims didn't have to cruise through a stop sign or do anything illegal or suspicious—just look Latino, and that was enough to be

detained and interrogated.
In one case 50 Latinos
were held for hours with no legal justification. Still more were randomly stopped, ziptied and detained, again without reason. Mexican
citizen Manuel Melendres was kept for nine full hours,
even though he had a valid tourist visa. In Maricopa
County jails, Latino prisoners were routinely insulted
with racial slurs.

Since Arpaio first became sheriff in 1993, his office has cost Arizona \$142 million in lees, settlements and court awards. A federal judge finally put a stop to these outrages, convicting him of criminal contempt of court for refusing to stop his Gestapo tactics. He was facing six months in jail before another dimwit tough guy, Donald Trump, pardoned him. The \$142 million in law-suit settlements that Arpaio has cost Maricopa County taxpayers is just one mark on a rap sheet that reads like the history of some brutal junta in a banana republic. We're not exaggerating.

Before defying federal law and wiping his ass with the Constitution, Arpaio made headlines with a Tent City that he described as a "concentration camp." Inmates and detainees were housed outdoors under tents in Phoenix's planet-Mercury-like summer. When the temperature in these tents was recorded at 145°F. Argaio told the Arizona Republic, "What am Loging to do, take them out of jail because it's too hot? Our men and women are working out here in this heat too. Does anyone feel sorry for them?" And during a brutal heat wave back in 2003, when inmates complained that the fans weren't working and that their shoes were actually melting from the heat, Arpaio callously informed them, "It's 120 degrees in Iraq, and the soldiers are living in tents, and they didn't commit any crimes, so shut your mouths!" Truth is, many of them hadn't been convicted and were simply awaiting trial. In our system they should have been presumed innocent until proven quilty and even then not abused with "cruel and unusual punishment." Adding humiliation



#### JOE ARPAIO

to injury, Arpaio made them wear pink underwear.

He also reinstituted chain gangs that had been mostly abandoned since 1955. Female inmates in the MCSO (Maricopa County Sheriff's Office) jail were forced to sleep in their own menstrual blood after Arpaio's goons refused to provide them with sanitary supplies. In 2005 a diabetic woman, Deborah Braillard. was incarcerated in the jail for a minor drug possession offense. Without medication, she fell ill, defecating and vomiting on herself as guards ignored her cries for insulin. She eventually died of a diabetic coma. In the subsequent wrongful death suit. Arpaio's office "lost" or destroyed crucial evidence to cover up the crime, but eventually settled for \$3.25 million. The trial established a general "culture of cruelty" in Arpaio's iails, where inmates were habitually denied healthcare. Joe the Asshole was totally unrepentant, testifying that even if he had a billion dollars, he wouldn't change the way he runs the jails.

In another wrongful death suit, prisoner Scott Norberg died after being restrained in a chair with a towel over his mouth; the coroner determined that he perished from "positional asphyviation," forcing Maricopa taxpayers to shell out \$8.25 million to Norberg's family. And then there was Charles Agster, a mentally handicapped man who died in custody after being strapped to the restraint chair. Add another \$9 million settlement to the total.

In 2010 Phoenix 12 News reported that Arpaio had "cleared" over 75% of criminal cases without arrest or proper investigation, while the average for other Arizona cities was only 25%. His jackboots were too busy harassing Latinos to pursue real criminals—and

much too busy to investigate over 400 sex crimes reported to his office, including 32 reported child molestations, even though most of the suspects were

well known. After a barrage of media exposure, Arpaio finally faked a shred of human empathy, telling reporters, "if there were any victims, I apologize to those victims." If? With over 400 cases ditched. of

over 400 cases ditched, of course there were victims. The damage was done, and your fucking hollow apology was too little too late. Uncle Joe.

Just like Stalin, Arpaio held on to power through a 24year "reign of terror," as former Phoenix mayor Phili Gordon called it. The Arizona Supreme Court found that Arpaio's sidekick, county attorney Andy Thom-

as, had "outrageously exploited power, flagrantly fostered fear and disgracefully misused the law" in bogus prosecutions against po-

litical opponents.
To ensure his own reelec-

tion in 1999, Arpaio had his deputies arrest 18year-old James Saville and charge him with planning to kill Arpaio with a pipe bomb. After four years of incarceration in the Phoenix helhole, a jury acquitted Saville of all charges, finding that Arpaio had entrapped this innocent man as a oublicity stunt.

To retaliate against nosy reporters digging into his massive abuses, Uncle Joe actually sent his goons to arrest two *Phoenix New Times* founders, Mike Lacey and Jim Larkin. They were handcuffed, hustled into a blacked-out SUV and taken to the gulag for no justifiable reason—a scene straight out of a Third World police state. Eventually released, the reporters filed suit and won, adding another \$3.75 million to Arraio's hill.

But there was more to come: The Maricopa County Office of Management and Budget conducted a review of the sheriff's office in 2D11 and concluded that over the past five years Arpaio had misspent a whopping \$100 million. Finally, in 2016, Maricopa County voters had had enough of these multimillion-dollar payouts—they kicked Arpaio out, replacing him with Democrat Paul Penzone.

Arpaio's parents were immigrants from Italy, but he seems to have forgotten that heritage. We know that his mother died giving birth to him and can only speculate that she may have sensed the horror of what she had spawned—one of the greatest Assholes in American history—and could not bear to witness the future.

As of this writing, advocacy groups have challenged Trump's pardon of Arpaio. One of the lawyers in the case states, "The President can't use the pardon power to immunize lawless officials from consequences for violating people's Constitutional rights," which Arpaio did almost every day of his tyrannical career. So there's still hope that this Blackshirt asswipe will end up where he belongs: sweltering in pink underwear in 145-degree temperatures in a Phoenix tent. Welcome to climate change, tough guy! Justice is a bitch.



# THE TITTY COMMITTEE

Millennials, the most coveted marketing demographic on the block, are much maligned and oft misunderstood. What we do know is that they're underemployed, overeducated and wizards at social media. And now another revelation: They're just not that interested in boobs.

It's true: According to Pornhub, people between the ages of 18 and 24 are 19% less likely to search for breasts than all other age groups. Comparatively, site visitors between the ages of 55 and 64 are allegedly 17% more apt to search for paps.

The impacts are not insignificant. Will Missy Martinez ever find work again? What about Jasmine Jae-she just got those! Experts say boobs aren't gone forever and that it's only a matter of time before big, beautiful sweater kittens are back in the spotlight, where they rightfully belong. But until then, one American business sector continues to languish: breastaurants.

Chains like Hooters and Twin Peaks are hurting as generational attitudes shift. For instance, the number of Hooters locations in the U.S. "has dropped by more than 7% from 2012 to 2016," while "sales have stagnated," according to industry data. They've tried compensating with a revamped menu and new decor while introducing fully-clothed male and female servers, but really, what the fuck? You may as well go to Norms or Applebee's.

# **GENTLEMEN PREFER BOTS**

Technologically enhanced sex dolls are a thing now-that's the world we live in, so get used to it. But there's one frontier manufacturers won't be cracking anytime soon, and it has to do with special requests.

No, it's not Al or anything resembling the not-so-distant future world of Blade Runner, but rather the growing popularity of sex dolls that look like celebrities. So though it's fine for a widower to customize his human-shaped toy to resemble a dead wife, they will draw the line at your Baywatch-era Pamela Anderson obsession.

As reported in The Mirror (U.K.), U.S.-based company True Companion confirms that their

is, you can't simply reproduce a star's likeness willy-nilly. You need permission from the family or estate, and permission doesn't come cheap.

number-one celeb look-alike sex doll request is none other than iconic blonde Marilyn Monroe. Problem But then again who needs celeb lookalikes when you have Roxxxy,



the company's flagship "fully-customizable sexbot," with multiple personality settings and a price tag of \$10K-a doll so advanced that it probably won't be long before the Roxxxy replicants surpass humans and rise up to crush us, their creators: "Cum with us if you want to live."

# "Twenty years from now if there is some obscure Trivial Pursuit question, I am confident I will be the answer." — TED CRUL, SENATOR

# THE REAL FAKE NEWS TED CRUZ: "LARRY FLYNT IS A PROPHET"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Let's face it, the past tense of the word *tweet* is *twat*," noted Senator Ted Cruz, adding that thanks to his recent exposure to pornography and its "divine host of heavenly angels," he has finally seen the light and much else besides.

The senator, whose Twitter account famously "liked" a video of knockout blond porn star Cory Chase, admitted in an exclusive interview with CNN's Wanda Lust that it was indeed he who twote the famous twat.

"Yes, 'twas I what twat it," he said, "and I'm glad I did." He was also proud to admit that he had purchased subscriptions to a variety of "divinely inspired" magazines. "HUSTLER in particular has been what I can only call a revelation, and Larry Flynt is a prophet!"

Cruz insisted that after downloading a series of photos of celestial bodies, "the heavens and many other things were opened to me." He still stands by the Republican platform that porn is a public health crisis, however, "because my mama always told me that masturbation will make you go blind." The senator glanced down and plucked at a stray hair growing from his palm before continuing: "Truly it is righteous that these angels spread their wings. I have at last discovered the beauty of God's creations, and I stand in awe. These wondrous beings have me all atwitter all day long, and most of the nighttime too."

Cruz stated that he and his lovely wife Heidi, who are both devout Christians, now understand more fully their Savior's admonition that all men should "Come unto me."

Mrs. Cruz revealed that these days her husband's cock crows three times before dawn, and she has quickly learned the importance

of turning her other cheek. "Doing unto each other as we would be done has immensely strengthened our sacred union."

DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. TUNE IN TO HANNITY.







"Miss Campbell, send in someone who laughed at me in high school."

# MAN DOWN: DICK DRAMA

An erect penis can get into a lot of trouble under the wrong circumstances. No, you cannot break your dick, but there's still a whole lot of horrible, cringe-worthy stuff that can happen to it with or without your help. A vacuum cleaner is not a toy—got it?

Knowledge is your ally in protecting this most sacred of limbs, which is why the good folks over at *Men's Health* have assembled an updated list of common dick injuries. Sadly, football-to-the-groin did not make the list (where are those *Simpsons* fans at?!)

Let's start with a fracture—this is a bad one. Of course, they're all bad ones, but tearing the tough outer lining of your penis while fully erect has to be right up there. This typically occurs when the girl you're banging is on top and she comes smashing down on your cock with the full force of her public bone.

Then there's our good friend the Charley horse. That's right, your third leg is not exempt from this excruciating pain. Quoth the doctor: "When the bones of the woman's hips match up with the soft tissue of the man's crotch, the excessive hip-to-hip action can cause swelling much like getting punched."

Prolonged erection may not sound like any sort of injury—to some, perhaps a blessing—but the novelty wears off quick enough. Men have experienced priapism for up to 20 hours or more! And the cause

can be simply be a side effect of a medication you're taking to treat anxiety or depression. Sometimes it can be resolved with a shot of pseudoephedrine, a decongestant that shrinks blood vessels; but in certain cases blood must be drained from the penis itself in order to relieve pressure. Lovely.

Rounding out the top-five list are testicular torsion, or dislocating a nut, and stuck cock rings. Ouch and double-ouch.





# PANTIES FOR PROFIT

A former cleaner from London, England, is raking in the pounds. What's her secret? Good old-fashioned grit, know-how and a knack for turning dirty laundry into cash money.

Financial domination is well-wom territory, but the woman who goes by Yasmin Night and #KandiKaine may have broken new ground when she added toenail clippings to the menu. She even wrote a book (*House of Hosiery*) that chronicles her adventures exploiting willing males and encourages other women to follow her business model.

Once deep in debt, Yasmin had heard of women selling their used underwear online and decided to give it a try. In no time the requests were pouring in—her used underwear goes for as much as \$122 a pop, while some clients will cover her groceries or even send her and her longtime partner on a luxury vacation.

And panties are just the tip of this delightfully depraved iceberg: used menstrual products, urine, hair, foot shavings, bikinis and, yes, even toenails. You name it, she's shipped it express to a happy buyer.

One loyal "paypig" went above and beyond, spending more than \$8,200 on household items, furniture, clothes and sexy shoes. Currently he's looking into buying her a new car. Let that sink in for a moment: She turned tampons and piss into a new whip.

As for Yasmin's coveted used drawers, she claims to wear each pair for up to a week to ensure maximum stank. Her total take to date is a respectable \$82K and climbing, which is great, but must be a nightmare come tax season: Are pubes considered a taxable sales item?

'When you can whip any man in the world, you never know peace." — MUHAMMAO ALI, BOXER



"That's weird, babe. Why does your pussy taste like peanut butter?"



#### Breaking the Law?

I was very outraged by the cover of your Anniversary '17 issue. No, I do not look at your magazines, but I saw it on the stand at a truck stop I patronize. I was appalled that the American flag was used as a hijab (or whatever it's called). Our flag is not to be used as clothing, and we Americans do not wear hijabs in our culture.

I hope you go bankrupt. The American flag stands for all that is good, and you should be held accountable for your felonious actions. According to the Flag Protection Act of 1968, "Whoever knowingly mutilates, defaces, physically defiles, burns, maintains on the floor or ground, or tramples upon any flag of the United States shall be fined...or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both."

—Angry American

Address Withheld by Request

The Flag Protection Act was invalidated by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1990 because it infringed on free speech. For more on free speech, see the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Perhaps if you did read HUSTLER Magazine, you'd be more informed and less of a narrow-minded, prejudiced twit.

I picked up HUSTLER's Anniversary '17 issue and just had to write you. I absolutely loved the cover photo—although I'm sure it raised some eyebrows—and Brad Friedman's interview with Larry Fynt. His responses "I have been putting out censorship brushfires for three decades" and "if Trump wants a piece of the action, he can have it too" were brilliant. Although I am Canadian and can't help with my vote, I am an artist and cartoonist, so I truly value the concept of free speech. I appreciate what Mr. Flynt has done to defend it.

--- Gabriel Forrester Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

#### Oktoberfest

Finally a long-haired blonde with big jugs was naked in HUSTLER once again. My dick shot up instantly when I saw Alix Lovell in the October '17 issue. It popped so hard against my zipper that I barely got back to my car after paying for the mag. How could I explain Alix to my wife?

Who is this stunning doll? I had never seen or heard of Alix before. Her 5-5 body is deliciously perfect for anything, but especially perfect for being in porn mags like HUSTLER Readers were bedazzled by bodacious Alix Lovell's October '17 pictorial.

and for sucking and fucking in dirty movies. Steven Andres earned his pay and double that for these gloriously obscene photos.

Another doll stands out in October's Beaver Hunt. Luna is a perky blond bitch who has more than enough of what it takes to be in HUSTLER. Her naked body (except for high heels) is a treat to stare at. Luna would be a delightful older lady to play the mommy of Alix Lovell in a lesbo video with another of my favorites, Spencer Scott (HUSTLER, August '15).

—Bill Smith Chicago, Illinois

You amaze me each month, and the October '17 issue was no exception—so many hot, real and sexy ladies, great cartoons and the latest in adult films. Anna Lee and Lana Rhoades both look like they could wake the dead, and Alina West looks awesome, especially when she's getting pounded.

I can never get enough Beaver Hunt. When I saw Luna, I wanted to jump into the magazine and take her. What a goddess! —S.C.

Kansas City, Missouri

#### **Hunkering Down**

I am going through the classifieds for a school desk. Way back when I was in elementary school, we had drills for nuclear war and were told that we would be safe hiding under our desks. They wouldn't lie to kids, so I figure hiding under a school desk with a stack of HUSTLERS, a box of Oreo cookies and ten cases of beer will allow me to be safe and sound while the rest of the world blows itself to kingdom come.

Why are the leaders of North Korea and the United States so angry? Is it because they have bad haircuts and small penises, or are their egos going so supernova that they've become delusional? I cannot understand how people can act so goddamn fucking idiotic. Ooh, a school desk for only \$29.95.

By the way, how's climate change going? Has enough methane been released from the thawing permafrost to kill us all yet? I don't think my new school desk will help me with that threat. —George Gerhab Hellertown, Pennsylvania

#### Li'l Lady's Big Fan

I really like Alice Little, my pick for HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year. She deserves to win. Alice interacts with people on social media, she's dropdead gorgeous, and she's down-to-earth. I hope I get the chance to play with her sometime or be played with by her. It's always the lady's choice with me.

Redding, California

Thanks for voting! Definitely a fan favorite, Alice Little was a runnerup in our Beaver of the Year contest. For an encore peek, turn to pages 98-99 in this month's Beaver Hunt.

Congratulations to George Gerhab from Hellertown, Pennsylvania, for sending in our Feedback Letter of the Month. The outspoken scholar will be receiving a nice gift from the HUSTER store. Want to be next month's winner? Send your letter (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email it to HUSTLER@LFP.com. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.













ongratulations to HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year, Melody Wylde! Fifteen incredibly sexy amateur models vied for the title in our Anniversary Issue contest. Thousands upon thousands of ballots were cast, and the results were tallied and triple-checked. It was a close race, but Melody nudged out the competition to claim the grand prize of \$1,500, a trip to Beverly Hills to meet Larry Flynt and her very own photoshoot for HUSTLER Magazine! A huge thanks to all of the readers who voted and especially to the wonderful models who share their pics every month with America's favorite amateur showcase, Beaver Hunt.







"Awhile back my parents gave me the old bunk bed my sister and I used to use, and I had to put it together without instructions. So I decided to live-stream the event on Periscope, and I assembled the bed in my bikini! I also changed into lingerie at one point. I received over 30,000 views that day and nearly 15,000 followers as well!

"That bunk bed experience gave me the confidence to submit photos to *Beaver Hunt*, but winning Beaver of the Year was completely unexpected. There were so many beautiful women I was up against, and I thought it would be a long shot. Surprise! Thank you, readers!

"When I hear HUSTLER, I think of empowerment. Before modeling and webcamming, I never really looked at porn. But a friend of mine knew all the magazines, and he gave me a list—I just remember the name HUSTLER standing out because it doesn't sound like a 'pet' name. It sounds sexy, powerful, dangerous—and enticing. When I heard the name, saw the sexy layouts and read the funny, uplifting articles, I knew I wanted to be a HUSTLER girl more than anything.

"I got into modeling by webcamming and making personal solo and girl-on-girl videos. It's been a great and addictive experience. But even though I love it, my modeling has come to a halt recently because I started my freshman year of college. I'm majoring in computer science right now, but my main passion is writing. In ten years I hope to have my bachelor's or master's degree, and I would really like to write a novel about my experiences. I'm not at all ashamed of my time in the adult industry, and I want to shed a realistic light on it to combat the unnecessary stigma that sometimes comes with doing porn. And then there are all the awesome fetishes I've come across!"

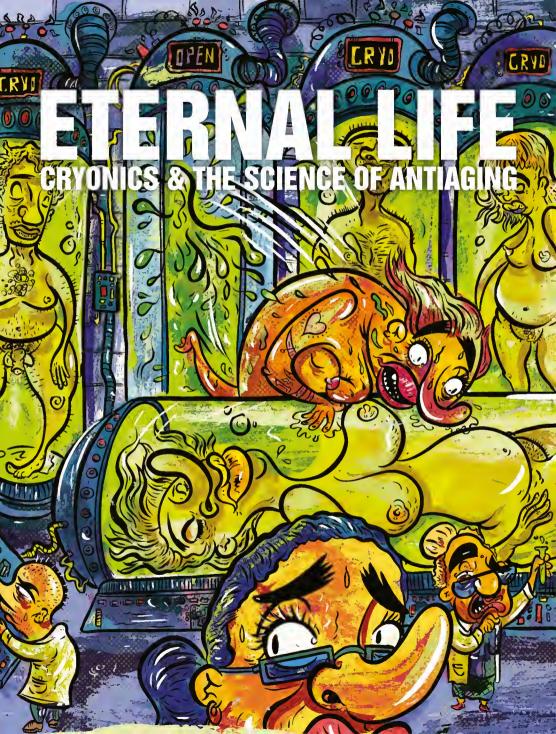


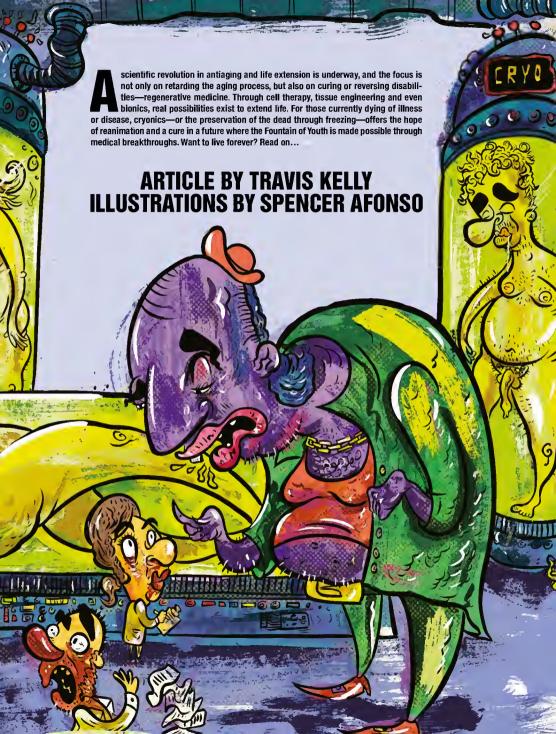












On a cold spring day in 2015, 22-month-old Gardell Martin was playing on the banks of a flooding stream outside of Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, with his elder brothers. The young boy fell in and was quickly swept away by the turbulent 34-degree currents. The brothers ran for help.

A quarter of a mile downstream, rescuers found Gardell. He had been submerged in the freezing water for half an hour. They detected no respiration and no pulse; by clinical and legal standards, the boy was dead. But knowing the history of similar cases with "miraculous" endings, the paramedics and doctors administered CPR continuously for two hours, even though his body temperature was a low 77 degrees. In the hospital he was warmed with a special blanket and injected with fluids as faint cardiac activity was detected. Five days later he was released in perfect health, having suffered no permanent physiological damage.

One hundred years ago Gardell Martin would have been abandoned to an early grave. But thanks to modern medical knowledge and technology, he was effectively resurrected from the dead. And he is far from alone: In the last 35 years numerous similar cases have been reported, including one child submerged for 66 minutes.

Such cases form the core theory behind *cryonics*, namely that the dead can be frozen and vital organs preserved from decay in hopes that future advances in medical technology will enable resurrection. The concept dates to 1962, when American physics teacher Robert Ettinger wrote in *The Prospect of Immortality*: "If civilization endures,

tasked with extending not only life span, but also health span, the years of living in good health.

Biologist Craig Venter has founded Human Longevity, Inc., with plans to amass a database of 1 million human genome sequences by 2020. And hedge fund manager Joon Yun has funded the Palo Alto Longevity Prize, to be awarded to the first team extending life span in mice by 50%. But what would a high-tech revolution be without the big gorilla of Silicon Valley?

In 2013 Google gave birth to Calico (California Life Company), dedicated to harnessing "advanced technologies to increase our understanding of the biology that controls life span." One scientist on staff is famed molecular biologist Cynthia Kenyon, who genetically engineered roundworms to live six times longer than normal. Another discovery is that people who live to be 100 are more likely to have mutations in the daf-2 gene and more frequent variants in the FoxO gene. Kenyon recalls how, early in her career, aging research was ridiculed and deemed to be a career dead end. Now it's all the rage.

Gregory Bonfiglio is a leading life span guru and cofounder of Proteus Venture Partners. "When you talk about antiaging," says Bonfiglio, "what I hear, and what a lot of people hear, are aesthetic things like wrinkle creams and hair regrowth. The truth of the matter, though, is that the process of aging is one that involves significant deterioration of all organ systems. Whether it's Parkinson's or Alzheimer's, all of these things are related to the aging process. And as the demographic

JUST AS YOU KEEP AN OLD CAR RUNNING BY REPLACING CRITICAL PARTS,
IN THE NEAR FUTURE YOU WILL BE ABLE TO EXTEND THE MILEAGE
ON YOUR AGING BODY BY REPLACING ORGANS—EITHER THROUGH
BIOLOGICAL TRANSPLANTS DERIVED FROM STEM CELLS,
MECHANICAL/MICROCHIP DEVICES OR A SYNTHESIS OF BOTH.

medical science should eventually be able to repair almost any damage to the human body..."

Only 350 or so bodies are cryonically preserved now (including Ettinger himself, who died in 2011 at age 92), with thousands more signed up for the deep freeze. It's expensive—\$28,000 at Ettinger's Cryonics Institute (www.cryonics.org)—and most people, including the well-heeled, consider cryonics a real long-shot gamble. Even if you could be reanimated, you might still suffer from the ailments that terminated the first phase of your life. Or you might wake up in a world so far gone that you wish you had opted for a traditional grave and simply fed the worms. As Ettinger said, "If civilization endures."

But if the modern world does survive climate challenges and belligerent idiots with nuclear weapons, Ettinger might very well be vindicated: A scientific revolution in antiaging and life extension is well underway in Silicon Valley. Spearheading this research is Facebook investor and cofounder of PayPal Peter Thiel. Back in 2006 he gave \$3.5 million to Cambridge antiaging researcher Aubrey de Grey through the nonprofit Methuselah Foundation. Since then he and his partners at Founders Fund have invested in 14 health and biotech companies. all in the U.S. begins to age, that's a major force that's driving the market for the field." Proteus invests in start-ups researching cell therapy and tissue engineering.

Cell therapy has been around since the 19th century, when scientists injected cells from animals into human tissue in a vain attempt to treat certain illnesses. But subsequent research demonstrated that the injection of human cells could prevent organ transplant rejection. More recently, the controversial use of human embryonic stem cells promises eventual cures for many maladies, from diabetes to Parkinson's disease.

Tissue engineering uses a combination of cells and artificial materials to improve or replace damaged or dysfunctional tissues, including bone, cartilage, blood vessels, muscle and even whole organs. Bioartificial windpipes, bladders, partial livers, and skin have been implanted successfully. Even bioengineered penises have been successfully installed in rabbits—all 12 subjects attempted to mate and four produced offspring.

And even if biological organs can't be completely regenerated, there is the rapidly evolving field of bionics: fully mechanical prosthetic devices. For decades now, we have had artificial joints and hearts, and >>





cochlear implants wired directly to the auditory nerve to compensate for hearing loss. In 2015 the first bionic eye enabled a Minneapolis man who had lost his vision ten years before to see the outlines of his wife and walk without assistance. A thin wafer with electrodes was implanted at the back of one eye; then special glasses with a video camera and computer worn around his waist transmitted the images wirelessly to the implanted electrodes.

In 2013 a team of British engineers produced "Frank," a walking, talking robot composed of 28 artificial body parts, including a beating heart and circulatory system. He gets around with a Rex walking machine, designed for people with severe mobility impairments. Frank demonstrates the state-of-the-art in bionic research: prosthetic limbs and functional prototypes of the spleen, pancreas and lungs. Just as you keep an old car running by replacing critical parts, in the near future you will be able to extend the mileage on your aging body by replacing organs—either through biological transplants derived from stem cells, mechanical/microchip devices or a synthesis of both.

Of course, such procedures would be hugely expensive. If Medicare were to fund every life extension therapy and procedure for every decrepit senior, it would go bankrupt overnight. A better solution, aside from healthy living habits, would be to extend the mileage on the organs you were born with, slowing or maybe completely arresting the aging

the rope unwinds. Telomerase is the equivalent of glue applied to a knot or melted end cap, keeping the telomeres intact and the DNA from aging.

The good news: Telomerase has been generated in the human body. The bad news: It's found mainty in some cancer cells and helps them grow, proliferate and never die. They are known as HeLa cells, after a woman named Henrietta Lacks, who died in 1951 from cervical cancer. The cancer cells sampled from her have been kept alive in laboratories around the world ever since.

The telomerase enzyme offers a clue toward stopping the biological clock, but it will take more research on how to employ it without triggering and propagating cancer cells. Medical nanotechnology may offer an eventual solution: Nanoparticles or nanorobots have been engineered to deliver chemotherapy drugs directly to cancer cells, other drugs to damaged brain cells, as well as targeted vaccines, insulin, and antibacterial and antiviral medicines. More to the point, an experimental nanorobot has been designed to extract and replace the chromosomes in a cell nucleus with prefabricated copies of the originals. That offers the possibility that your old, worn-out DNA could be replaced with fresh, young copies. But doing it for every cell in your body would take quite a procedure.

Someday our Ponce de León scientists and engineers might well untangle the elusive secret of life and how to prolong it. So assume

# INSTEAD OF EMBALMING FLUID, THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM IS FLUSHED AND FILLED TO 60% CAPACITY WITH A CRYOPROTECTANT SOLUTION TO PREVENT ICE FROM FORMING IN THE CELLS—PRESTONE FOR CADAVERS.

process. To better fathom this, researchers are studying plants and animals that enjoy long lives and seem to defy senescence (the aging process), such as bristlecone pines, hydras, mollusks and lobsters.

Bristlecone pines, found in the arid American West, are the oldest living organisms on Earth, some dated to over 5,000 years of age. Gnarled and weather-beaten on the surface, they are surprisingly young at the cellular level. Their longevity may be due to meristems—clusters of stem cells in the roots and shoots that generate new growth.

Ming the mollusk, dredged up from the ocean around Iceland in 2006, was 507 years old, the oldest solitary animal ever recorded. The mollusk's cells seem to age, like the bristlecone pine, at a snail's pace. Some jellyfish and hydras are nearly ageless as well: The immortal jellyfish can revert back to a juvenile polyp and then grow again into a full-fledged jellyfish and back to polyp ad infinitum. Hydras clone themselves with stem cells, ensuring another form of immortality.

The American lobster is a different case. Some of the larger ones are estimated to be around 140 years old, although it's hard to determine because lobsters molt frequently throughout their lives, completely regenerating their shells. Researchers suspect that the lobster's longevity is due to a special enzyme called *telomera*se, found in all of their organs. The cells in our bodies are constantly dividing and our DNA chromosomes replicating; after so many times, the protective end caps on chromosomes, called *telomeres*, begin to shrink. Basically this allows the DNA to unravel. It's like slicing a braided rope: If you don't tie a knot on the end or melt the threads with a flame, they frav, and

you believe that to be the case, and instead of a MetLife insurance policy, you'd rather invest in the deep-freeze option—or add cryonic preservation to your plan. How would it work, and how would you prepare when the inevitable hour approaches?

First, your family and healthcare or hospice providers must be aware you have a cryo plan (from \$28,000 base up to \$200,000) that triggers and covers the preservation routine immediately upon legal death: CPS (cardiopulmonary support) is begun immediately—exactly like CPR, only for the officially deceased, with a portable heart-lung machine maintaining oxygenated blood circulation. Then your body is packed in dry ice and transported to the Cryonics Institute in Clinton Township, Michigan, or the Alcor Life Extension Foundation (www.alcor.org) in Scottsdale, Arizona, or even some foreign operation, if you'd prefer to emigrate as well.

Instead of embalming fluid, the circulatory system is flushed and filled to 60% capacity with a cryoprotectant solution to prevent ice from forming in the cells—Prestone for cadavers. They call this process *vitrification* instead of *freezing*. The whole body is then placed inverted in a *cryostat*, so the critical head is lowest and coldest—basically a huge steel Thermos cooled with liquid nitrogen to –196 C (–320.8 F). Or you can choose the *neur* option: Just your head is preserved. Each cryostat can hold four whole bodies and five heads.

The neuro option should be cheaper, and may be the most feasible, all things considered. Billionaire Elon Musk has grubstaked Neuralink, a company devoted to controlling computers with brain waves.

(continued on page 94)





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"IN 2018 I'D LIKE TO SMOKE LESS WEED
AND FOCUS MORE ON MAXIMIZING
ALL OF MY OPPORTUNITIES."

BLAIR WILLIAMS

@BlairsBananas - September '17 Honey

"TO HAVE MY UPCOMING SITE BE AS FUN AND EXCITING TO MY FANS AS IT WAS FOR ME PUTTING IT TOGETHER. ALSO TO HAVE A SUPER-HEALTHY YEAR AND AT LEAST ONE OUT-OF-THE-COUNTRY VACATION."

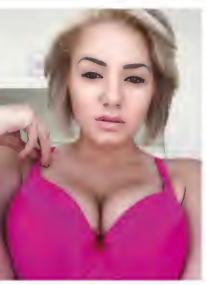
JENNA FOXX

@RealJennaFoxx · May '17 Honey





"I SPENT THE LAST FOUR YEARS
PERFECTING MY CRAFT AS A DJ.
THEN LAST YEAR I STARTED
GETTING INTO MUSIC PRODUCTION.
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION IS
TO EXCEL AS A MUSIC PRODUCER!"
DARCIE DOLCE



"I THINK A GREAT NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION TO HAVE IS TO SEE ALL MY CHANNELS AND MY WEBSITE GO UP AND TO DEVELOP THE SIZE OF MY FAN BASE. THIS WOULD HELP ME TO SHOOT MORE OFTEN, AND THAT'S WHAT I AM PASSIONATE ABOUT!"

ALIX LOVELL

@XAlixLovellX · October '17 Honey







"MY HONEST RESOLUTION IS TO MAKE
MY ACTIONS ALIGN WITH MY VALUES
MORE OFTEN. WHICH INCLUDES
STANDING UP AND FIGHTING BACK
AGAINST WHITE SUPREMACY."
JOSIE SPARKS

@Josie\_Sparks\_ · May '17 Honey

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## LIVE OUT YOUR FANTASIES!



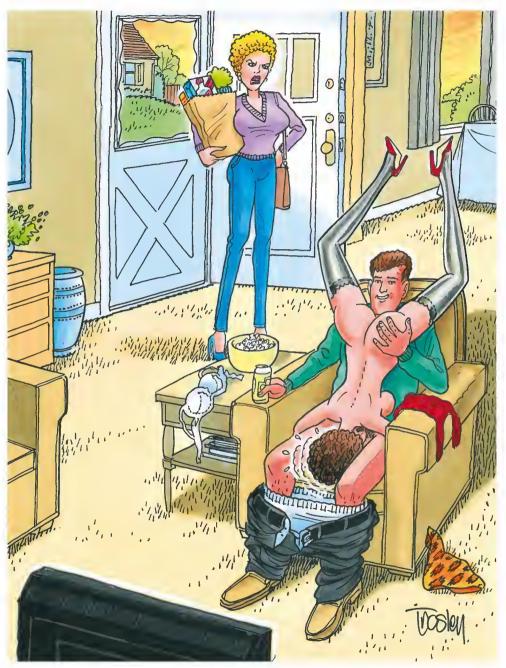
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"You know very well 'what girl'..."























A flat-chested woman named Sally went to Dr. Smith for advice about enlarging her tits. He told her, "Every day when you get out of the shower, rub your breasts and say, 'Scooby, dooby, doobles, I want bigger boobles.'"

Sally did this every day faithfully, and after several months it worked. Her breasts were getting bigger.

One day Sally was running late, and she was already on a bus when she realized she'd forgotten to do her morning ritual. At that point she loved her bigger boobs and didn't want to lose them, so in the middle of the bus she began reciting, "Scooby, dooby, doobies, I want bigger boobies."

A man sitting nearby asked, "Do you go to Dr. Smith by any chance?"

"Why, yes, I do," Sally responded. "How did you know?"

The man smiled and chanted, "Hickory, dickory, dock..."

Question: Why do women pay less than men for car insurance?

Answer: Women don't get blowjobs while they're driving.

A married man returned a day early from a business trip. While en route from the airport in a taxi, he told the driver, "I think that my wife is having an affair, and I want to catch her in the act. I'll pay you an extra \$100 if you'll be my witness." The cabbie agreed.

Quietly arriving at his home around midnight, the suspicious businessman tiptoed into the bedroom. He switched on the light, yanked the blanket back, and there was his wife, stark naked, with her lover.

The husband pointed a gun at the naked

guy's head, and the wife shouted, "Don't shoot him, dear! I lied when I told you I inherited all that money. He paid for the Porsche I gave you. He paid for your new fishing boat. He paid for your Packers season tickets. He paid for our cabin at the lake. He paid for our country club membership and the monthly dues, and he paid for your golf trip to St Andrews."

Shaking his head from side to side, the husband lowered the gun. He looked over at the cabbie in the doorway and muttered, "What would you do?"

The cabbie replied, "I'd cover him with that blanket before he catches a cold."

Three nuns were walking around the convent. One used her hands to describe the tremendous cucumber she'd bought at the farmers market. The second nun, also with her hands, described the huge grapefruit she'd bought.

The third nun, who was a little deaf, asked, "Are you talking about Father Ryan?"

While on a first date a couple decided to park on a lovers' lane. The fella leaned over and gave the girl a passionate kiss. When she responded warmly, he unzipped his fly and guided her hand to his penis.

Furious, the girl opened the door and jumped out of the car. "I've got just two words for you." she screamed. "Drop dead!"

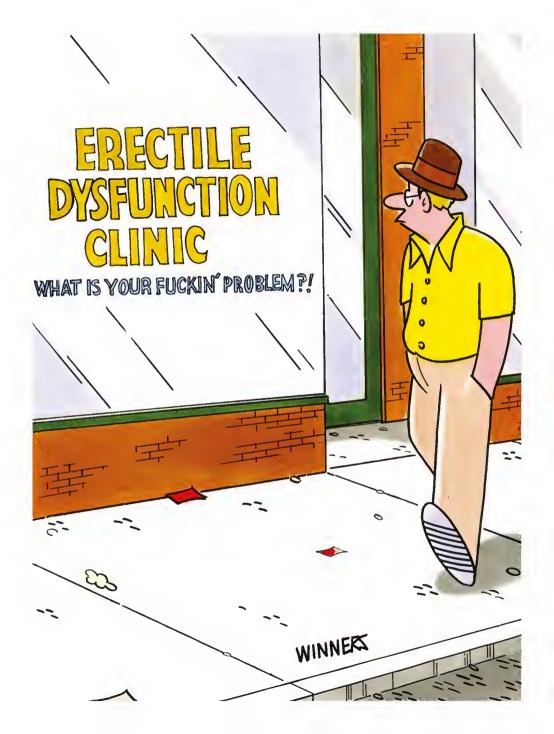
"And I've just got two words for you," the guy hollered back. "Let go!"

Barbara had been celibate for three long years when she stepped into a bar and announced, "If any man can guess the last time I had sex, he can fuck me!"

"This morning!"Joe shouted.
"Close enough," Barbara said.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your with stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print II, we'll send you 25 bucks!





# JAMIE KENNEDY SHOOTERS SHOOT

JAMIE KENNEDY HAS BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK.

YOUR BLOCK, YOUR BROTHER'S BLOCK, ALL THE DAMN BLOCKS.

HE'S EARNED HIS STRIPES IN SCREAM, ROMEO + JULIET, THREE KINGS

AND COUNTLESS TELEVISION AND STAND-UP SPECIALS.

HE'S ALL ABOUT TAKING A SHOT, TAKING CHANCES.

JOIN US AS WE LEARN HIS SECRETS TO SCORING GEORGE LUCAS FOR A BOOTY VIDEO, HOOKING UP ON FILM SETS IN FOREIGN LANDS, AND HUGGING PERSNICKETY WRITERS WITH POISON PENS.

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BIELSKI



USTLER: Man, what have you been up to?

JAMIE KENNEDY: Doing more dramatic stuff lately. I recently wrapped a movie with Guy Pearce and Pierce Brosnan called Spinning Man. I play Pearce's best friend. It's a great piece about a professor who sleeps with his students. Then I did a family movie with Jon Voight called Riley's Peak. I just got a part in a Brad Pitt movie; I can't really talk about it, but I'm so fucking jazzed. And I'm about to start Criminal Minds—I'll be coming back to play this serial killer, which is crazy.

#### Sounds like that's almost full-circle to your early thriller work. In Scream, you were part of the first self-referential horror franchise. What do you think of the state of horror these days?

I think it's thriving. It's upped its game. I have this idea for horror that I've always wanted to get made. It's basically that horror needs a new monster, a new icon. That's what I was raised on: Chucky, Freddy and Jason. Pinhead. But now, besides Jigsaw, the icons have become your mind. It's psychological. Horror has gone to a new level. The Conjuring is intense. So that has made me wonder if my concept will work, because horror films these days need a psychological element. I mean, Get Out, Oculus, It Follows. The Witch? Fuck. Oh, dude, as a person who is a fan of horror and played a seminal role in that

# Romeo + Juliet was shot in Mexico City. The mid-'90s seemed like a pretty crazy time to be in Mexico, and you guys were such a young cast.

It was crazy. Everybody had a driver, and we had a *lot* of security. I learned a couple things. The first day I got there, I made a phone call to the U.S., and it was \$63. Paul Rudd was pretty much already shot out, and he was the one who told me not to use the hotel phone and to get a prepaid phone card. He said, "I just spent \$4,000 in phone calls in a week." I freaked out, "What! That's my salary!" He's like, "Yeah. that's how they getcha."

That movie...I mean, I've been making movies for 21 years. I've shot in, like, five continents. Mexico City, I've always thought that's a place where the world could end. It's beyond hectic. Everybody's completely broke; then there's limousines; then there's people on the street eating fire. There's candles that are neck-high and people bowing down to Guadalupe, and there's religious icons; then there's hookers. It's just a complete juxtaposition of life. Here's something nutritious; here's heroin. Even though I grew up in the suburbs of Philly, it was great to see hectic-ness like that. You go into some little nowhere house that serves food, and it'll be the best Mexican you've ever had. You know what I mean? For a few pesos.

It was the first time I ever hooked up with a girl where she didn't

# "WE'RE IN THE LAND OF ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT. WE ARE. IT DOESN'T ENCOURAGE YOU TO GROW UP. AND THAT'S WHY I WAS DRAWN TO THIS BUSINESS, THIS PLACE."

world, it's fucking tops. It's definitely a top-five horror film now. It goes beyond the genre and speaks to what we're taught about religion. Twisted, man.

### What were the skills you learned from working with Wes Craven on those films?

Oh, many things. That was the second movie I ever did. I felt that movies, in general, always had to be crazy when you're making them. Because, ya know, art is painful and wild. A lot of movies I've done since then have been a mix of that. But that was a movie where we would start at nine and we were done by six. Wes always said stuff like, "Just because we're making a movie about horror, it doesn't have to be a horrendous experience." It was a very calm set, very chill. He's like Clint Eastwood that way, he knows what he wants. So if you want extra takes, you gotta ask because he knows when he has it. Like "The Rules" speech, I only did three times.

#### Wow.

Only three times, and today it's one of my biggest scenes on film. I'm like, "Hey, man, let's just do it one more time." I kept at him, and later he came back to me with, "I'm really happy you did it again." I'm an actor who gets better as I go. There are other actors who like to get done early, but as the day goes, I get better and better. I hate mornings: You can't be funny in the morning; you can't remember lines in the morning; it's awful.

speak English and I didn't speak Spanish. We figured it out, literally by, like, sounds and "Is this okay?" Just this hot Mexican girl. She was an extra. She's all like, "Guapo," and I just kept thinking Guava? My buddy told me, "She thinks you're cute. She keeps saying, 'Flaquito,'" which means skinny-cute. And I just figured it out. "Te gusta?" Touching her each time. "Si, si." Then making another move. She was fucking gorgeous, man. So I learned that you could communicate just through using love.

It was a hectic time. We went out to a nightclub, and I got punched. We all went out, and these dudes were steppin', and there was some back and forth. I mean, somebody got kidnapped on that production once; somebody else got jacked for their money. Living right in Hollywood, it didn't seem that crazy. I mean, one time I saw a guy pull out a gun at rock 'n' roll Ralphs on Sunset. In the early '90s L.A. had a bunch of freeway shootings. So it was equivalent to that, but with a Mexican flavor.

And there's the genius of Baz [Luhrmann]—I show up to set with a black eye, and Baz is like [Australian accent]: "0h, fahck, man. Makes you look cool. Fahck it! It goes with it. You're a Montague boy! Yeh, fahckin' got in a fight." So they started the movie like that, and kept coloring it in. They took lemons and made lemonade.

That's when I was working with auteurs more, in my early work. Then by the mid-2000s those projects just seemed to disappear from the landscape. Movies became more corporate. But I think it's going back to auteur-ism. The reason I get jobs that are good is because of directors who see something in you and are artistic enough to figure out where to place you.

Speaking of auteurs, David O. Russell's *Three Kings* is a total standout among Gulf War films. Between Ice Cube, Marky Mark and Spike Jonze around his Beastie Boys phase, that production had to have yielded some stories.

We were deep in Arizona, some old Army base there. There ain't nothing out there, dude, not where we were. We were at some Holiday Inn that we had taken over. There were absolutely no girls—except

for who was in the cast. Mostly just dudes and Army folks. I remember George [Cloonev] was coming in and out so he could do ER. Spike was editing Being John Malkovich. Busy. There was this one girl, playing an Iragi prisoner, just cute as fuck. A little heavy, but really cute. I remember, as the weeks went on. it was like, "Ya know, I think this is where I'm headed." Eventually something happened. Then I was coming out of my trailer one day. and one of Ice Cube's assistants was there. and we started talking about the girlwe'll call her Ashanna. Cube's guy just starts laughing at me. "Oh, you met Ashanna? Cube's bodyguard Debo just went through that last week." I was all. "What!?" So apparently this girl that I thought I would eventually stoop to take

the time to romance had already gone through a few of the workers. I was the last guy in line at the buffet.

That's hilarious, but your public love life has made up for it. Many would consider you a hero for having dated Jennifer Love Hewitt. Thank you. Appreciate it. It was everything you would think about. Times a thousand.

Malibu's Most Wanted was a breakout moment for you. There was a scene where your character fantasizes about stealing booze in a shop, and then it all goes to shit. Four years later Superbad has pretty much the same scene. Has anyone talked to you about this? Never!

#### Dude, did Seth Rogen cop your shit?

Hahaha, I would be thrilled. I'd be honored. I don't think so, man. That's funny, because I've seen *Superbad* twice. It's awesome. *Malibu's* wasn't as big of a hit, but it made its mark as well. I mean, there's only so many devices you can use when your character is worrying about something. If he did. God bless him.

You and Stu Stone had a nice time with Blowin' Up. What are the odds of returning to hip-hop-themed work?

I mean, I'm in my 40s. So I don't know if I can keep going back





to that, But I feel 12 still. I was telling that to a girl the other day. I don't feel any different than I did when I was 12. Society looks at you different, but you don't feel different. It's bizarre. Lstill act the same Ohviously, I've evolved, but it's funny-we're in the land of arrested development. We are. It doesn't encourage you to grow up. And that's why I was drawn to this business. this place.

How the hell did you guys get George Lucas to be in your video Rollin' with Saget? Can I go with the lie or just give you the truth?

#### The truth, man!

The lie I always tell people is that I was working with George on some Boba Fett stuff. And it freaks them out. But what really happened is a testament to asking for something to see what

you can get. George Lucas eats at Musso & Frank probably once a week in Hollywood, and we were shooting across the street. Here's what it was: George is a complete film geek. Not just of film—he is a cinephile obviously, but he's a camera nut. We were filming on this nice, high-end camera, and George came to the set because he was walking home. He's the mayor of Hollywood, so he wants to check it out. And he just hung on set, right? Our second AD was like, "Why is Michael McDonald on set? A Doobie Brother's here." Stu was all, "McDonald? That looks like Lucas!" George is all low-key with our DP, "Hey, how are you? Don't mind me. What's the aperture?" So I'm like, "Dude, cameo, please!" and then he did it. It was great. We put him with these two hot girls—I don't think anybody gets mad about that. He turned around, did the line, and in about 20 minutes he bounced! >>

## That's one of the most L.A. stories I've ever heard.

Yes, man. That reminds me of when I just heard this girl say "That's so L.A." the other day. She was complaining, and I was like "Fine, go. L.A. don't need you." I love L.A. This is the place where dreams happen. Everybody you've seen at the top of the mountain was fucking raking the leaves at the bottom, and that's the truth and goodness of this place.

Some stand-up comics get older and stand-up becomes a slog. For others, it tends to be a salvation from the big industry of TV and film. How are you feeling about stand-up as you get older?

Stand-up is bigger than it's ever been. I believe that with Netflix and podcasting, people literally believe that they're friends with these performers, and they wanna see them live. Stand-up has never been more vibrant—we're talking all types of people, and they'll all be in one place. I performed seven times last week in L.A., which is insane for me. The Comedy Store is sold out every night, and I perform at every club in town.

I tell you this-I attribute it to Bobby Lee. I saw him one night at Korean barbecue. I asked him why he bothers to go up in L.A. if he's already making money going out on the road. He just said, "You have to go up in front of your peers. You must. The town must see what vou're doing, see what you've been up to, and your peers will make you better," And he's right. It's a lot of work, but he's right. I have to be respectful to the art form. I have to make sure I pick the right 15 minutes. But it's making me way better. When I'm on the road, I can get away with a lot because most people are just there to see me. There's nobody filming, no TMZ or whatever. I'm really hitting the town hard because I wanna get a special. I'm really building towards that. It's also, like, what else are you doing in town? If you're not on a set or hang-



ing out, then everything needs to be about being creative. Why not do stand-up? I feel better when I do it.

You've had to deal with hecklers in some of your specials. Oh, totally, but I'm gonna say the worst heckler experiences are online. Actually, that's the worst thing. I don't wanna call people out, because I don't wanna give them the power, but it's amazing how many unknown comedians in other cities will take a shot at you online. That is the most ass-backwards thing ever. I think that heckling amongst ourselves is bizarre. I would never do it. I know how hard our life is, and partaking in that behavior is the roughest. That's cannibalism. If a normal person does it, sure, okay, they don't get it; they don't understand. But when people in your own profession do it? That's bizarre to me.

That's what I think our new culture is: Shooters get penalized for shooting badly. And then you're suddenly not only bad; you're a piece of shit for *trying* to shoot.

That's where this new culture is. I'm gonna go on a ramble here. It has to do with the writer's side of the business. Bloggers. It has to do with persnickety writers. Somewhere writing became opinionated. It wasn't just reporting anymore. And I don't know when that happened. But somehow, just by doing that, this person with a mighty keyboard gets soooo cunty. And I'm going to say it like that, cunty, where they're droll, but use these amazingly beautiful words that they learned in university and just rip you to shreds. They're sitting at home, with their latte and their Nespresso and their little wire-rimmed turtle-frames. And they don't think that you read it. Then in the West Village, they wonder why someday you might just elbow them. It's because they're

# "THAT'S WHAT I BELIEVE ART IS: YOU TAKE A SHOT AND TAKE CHANCES. NOT EVERYTHING IS GOING TO WORK. BUT AS KEVIN DURANT SAYS, 'SHOOTERS SHOOT.'"

I'm really good at not giving it any power now. I know this is gonna sound really hippie: Whatever you're concentrating on, you're doing. One hundred percent. So if you're concentrating on "Fuck this person! Fuck that person!" you're not helping your cause because you're making it all about them. You gotta take care of you. Something's happened within the computer screen. The screen makes people not think it's real. They think it's virtual reality.

When it comes to the backbiters, your New Year's Eve special, First Night 2013 With Jamie Kennedy, is notorious. Would you ever think of capitalizing on it in the same way that Tommy Wiseau has done with The Room?

Oh, man, I've got a lot to say about that. First of all, the special did exactly what it was supposed to do. Which is what? Make noise! We wanted to make an alternative New Year's special. We did. It was the perfect catastrophe. To this day, almost five years later, people are still talking about it. New York Times, Howard Stem, they covered it. It's gonna be time-capsuled. Because once hipsters discover something, they joke about it; then the next thing you know, the thing becomes bigger than it ever was. It's science. The thing is that people don't understand the inertia of hype. Tommy Wiseau's work became bigger than it ever could've because of that kind of energy. Things find their own life, and people forget why they hated something to begin with.

I've taken shots with my career, all right? I've taken chances. So if people get down on certain things that have not worked—a hundred percent, they have not worked—well, I took a shot. That's what I believe art is: You take a shot and take chances. Not everything is going to work. But as Kevin Durant says, "Shooters shoot." You're gonna get cold. You're not always gonna dump 38 a night. Some nights you're gonna get 15. But shooters shoot.

not in the war. Once they're in the war, they'll understand. They somehow decided that in trying things, you were shit if it didn't work.

And it's all good. We're all good. The jocks are good; the stoners are good; the emos are good; the nerds are good; the pencil pushers are good. All the different groups have their purpose. But these writers became some all-empowering thing, an overshadowing judge, where the least forgiving group got the most amount of power. Jocks are all, "All right, it didn't work"; the emos will cry about it, ya know. But those writers, deep down? They need a hug. And I'm here to hug them.







#### **UP ANAL MOUNTAIN**

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: HALEY REED, NATASHA STARR, HARLOW HARRISON, ZIGGY STAR, TOMMY PISTOL, ALEC KNIGHT, ERIC MASTERSON, LUCAS FROST & BILL BAILEY.

It's a long, hard road Up Anal Mountain; luck-

ily, there are enough tunnels up the back route to make the journey a pleasurable experience. One need not look further for evidence than Haley Reed, a skinny, pale blonde who hovers somewhere between the girl next door and the slut from the wrong side of the tracks. Presented with a battery of sex toys. Reed immediately reaches for a black dildo that's roughly the size of her forearm. She wedges the ebony monolith into her sphincters to the point where her rectum appears to have swallowed a tree. Somehow, this display of anal overreach is a mere precursor to the main event, as a trio of blood-swollen meat mallets descend upon her and paddle her face like they're playing whacka-mole. It's a raw scene, filled with flabby slabs of man-flesh, one of which actually fucks Reed's armpit in the frenzy. But as the drool-covered centerpiece at this banquet of camality, Reed does her job, stuffing her cheeks with nuts like a squirrel hoarding for winter. Natasha Starr is a mean, lean cocksucking machine, though one that could use a bit of polishing; her tattooed body looks like a once-great monument that's been desecrated by graffiti. Still, Starr is structurally sturdy, as evidenced by the anal piledriver she endures intact, more or less. Up Anal Mountain is worth the climb, and you can't beat the view. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi

### HARDCORE SHOWCASE













#### **SPECIAL DARK 2**

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: JENNA FOXX, NOEMIE BILAS, SARAH BANKS, HONEY GOLD & MAN-UEL FERRARA.

MIE AN-

Tireless cocksmith Manuel Ferrara surrenders to the dark side in Special Dark 2,

which pairs Ferrara and his feral libido with a procession of Nubian knob-gobblers. With her light complexion and short-cropped hair. Honey Gold brings to mind renowned entertainer and activist Josephine Baker, had Baker devoted herself to taking dick on camera instead of aiding the French Resistance. Gold sports a firm, proud ass, modest but detectably jutting milk mounds and a taste for sexual punishment, Ferrara warms Gold up with a few swats to her bronze buttocks, then goes full combat on her, wrapping her throat in his tight grip and slapping her face, roughing her up like a pimp who's been shorted on the day's take. Despite the rough treatment, Gold seems to relish the rowdy romp, jolting uncontrollably as he wrings her tits and saws his fingers into her sugar pot. Sarah Banks isn't quite so delectable; her ample rear end sports a script tattoo that reads "Beautiful" on one cheek and "Blessed" on the other, which is about as classy as inking "Love" and "Hate" across your knuckles. One could easily picture Banks getting in a fistfight at a shopping mall jewelry kiosk over the last pair of hoop earrings. Still, she's an eager little cock hound, burrowing her snout in Ferrara's taint for a taste of his turd blossom before hopping on his prong for a ride. There's nothing particularly special about Jenna Foxx, aside from the shortbus expression on her face while Ferrara beats up her fuck box. Special Dark 2 is a tepid cup of cocoa overall. -P.D.R.



#### HARDCORE SHOWCASE









### **HOT AND BOTHERED**

WICKED PICTURES. STARRING: KRYSTAL KAYTLYN, BELLE CLAIRE, GABRIELLA LATI, KLARA, JULY SUN, FRANCYS BELLE, CHARLIE DEEN. NEEO. LUTRO. RICKY & THOMAS LEE.

Most people's vacation videos consist of awkward footage of families exploring local

landmarks while the resentful kids try to distance themselves from dorky parents, Luckily Hot and Bothered, an erotic travelogue exploring the fleshy hills and valleys populating the European continent, is a much more fulfilling prospect. Doll-face blonde Krystal Kaytlyn is the embodiment of youthful wholesomeness, until that winsome smile of hers is stuffed with a throbbing sausage. The dude she's paired up with is so emaciated, he could have been an extra in Schindler's List, but his towering slammer stands proud and long as he heartily spelunks Kaytlyn's birth canal. After a spirited plunging from behind, he flips his flaxentressed playmate over and opens her like a road map, plowing her terrain as she goes knees-to-armpits for the drilling. Despite her greyhound-thin frame, statuesque dirty-blonde Belle Claire boasts a pair of perfect, jaw-dropping tatas. She eyes her partner's sperm-shooter like a junkie presented with a full syringe before hungrily sucking it down and treating it to a slippery poke between her luscious udders. Not all of the stops on the Hot and Bothered itinerary are fulfilling—a bleak threeway featuring a doughy-waisted brunette and a hard-faced blonde comes across like a Communist-era instructional video on how to shoot a porn flick. Overall, however, it's definitely a trip worth taking. -P.D.R.























(continued from page 35)

DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) is on the same track, using holographic microscopes and other tools to engineer bionic eye implants, decode speech and record data from millions of brain neurons—your mind recorded on a hard drive. Russia's internet mogul Dmitry Itskov has seeded a new company committed to creating "technologies enabling the transfer of an individual's personality to a more advanced nonbiological carrier, and extending life, including to the point of immortality." He projects success by 2045.

How many of us would really want to keep the old bodies that failed us anyway? It's not exactly the Fountain of Youth if you die in a coma-

using silica-coated iron oxide nanoparticles to reheat frozen tissues, has been successful with larger human and pig samples: no ice crystals. The key, however, is that the nanoparticle antifreeze has to be flushed in *before* the ice-down. All this does not bode well for the 350 cryonic souls now chilling. So if you do decide to go the Popsicle route, make damn sure the cryonics company you choose is up to speed on the latest techniques.

The whole life extension movement disturbs a lot of people, including philosophers and bioethicists. Inevitably the most expensive solutions would become the privilege of a wealthy elite. And like genetically

# ONLY A LITTLE OVER 100 YEARS AGO THE AVERAGE LIFE SPAN WAS AROUND 40, AND THE PROSPECT OF DOUBLING THAT TO 80 WITH OUR CURRENT MEDICAL WONDERS WOULD HAVE SEEMED JUST AS IMPOSSIBLE AND FREAKISH THEN.

withered body like Terri Schiavo did. Unless you're Michael Jordan or rock climber Alex Honnold, it might be better to preserve the essential you, your fully intact mind or brain, to transplant into a younger body—ideally a future Olympic downhill skier who sailed over the ropes and died in a deep, soft, cooling snowbank, brain-dead but otherwise healthy. But how often is that scenario going to play out?

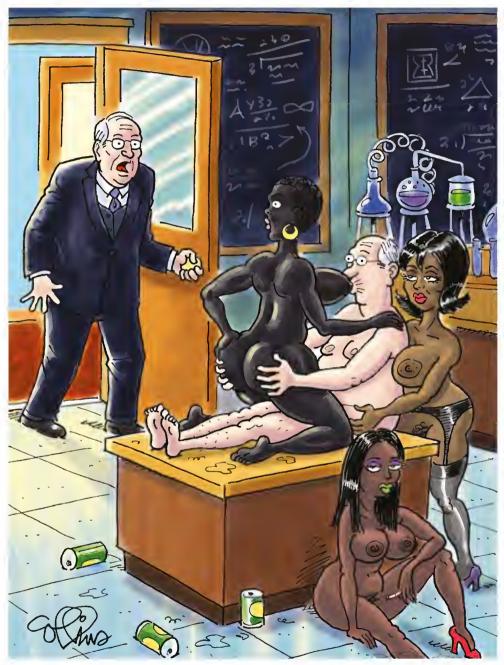
Instead, imagine the following: By 2075 life extension progress has been slower than expected while your frozen head has been patiently waiting for the big thaw. Your vast estate has not been passed on to your heirs, but held in trust awaiting your resurrection. (What good is a second chance at life if you're dead broke?) But one day your great grandchildren—who have not been doing so well in another Wall Street-induced recession—decide that ol' Papaw, whom they've never known, is long overdue for a coming-out party, even though the technology is still risky. Or maybe they just decide to ditch your head like an old forgotten ham hock excavated from the back of the freezer, and finally make off with their inheritance. After your decades in the deep freeze, who will be looking out for your interests?

Other factors could derail your rebirth, even if the tech evolved sufficiently. Will the Cryonics Institute and Alcor remain solvent 25, 50, 110 years from now? Or would they succumb to greedy corporate raiders, selling off or transferring their "inventory" to save money? What about protracted power failures: Will preserving a bunch of ancient heads and bodies be a priority in a future energy crisis? And with global warming accelerating, maybe Scottsdale, Arizona, one of the hottest cities in the U.S., is not an ideal place to maintain subfreezing temperatures in a blackout.

It would be nice if an experimental cryo-preserved head were thawed out and examined for tissue damage after a few decades. And there's the rub. Every day in the U.S. 22 people die awaiting organ transplants because the cryogenic process is not sufficient to preserve the organs longer than a few hours. Over half of donated lungs and hearts are discarded every year because the organs don't make it to the recipients in time. The main problem is ice crystals forming when the organs are thawing, causing fatal damage. For small samples, like sperm or embryos, the process has been successful, but not yet for whole organs...until now. A new process developed in March 2017.

modified foods, it just seems "unnatural." Critics argue that we are products of evolution and its necessary mix of sex, life, death and procreation, and monkeying around with this heritage might invite unpredictable disasters and social problems. But 0xford philosopher Bennett Foddy reminds us that only a little over 100 years ago the average life span was around 40, and the prospect of doubling that to 80 with our current medical wonders would have seemed just as impossible and freakish then. One thing is certain: Given the dizzying rate of technological progress now, if you were to be reanimated 100 or even 50 years from now, it would be an unrecognizable world—like Benjamin Franklin suddenly strapped into a Delta cabin at 30,000 feet, mesmerized by YouTube videos on an iPhone. Cryonics? It's one hell of a longshot gamble, but the payoff just might be eternal life.





"This? This is your research into black holes, Professor?"



# BEAVER HUNT







### **LEXTACY**

"I love running naked through the woods and skinny-dipping in the Chagrin River," says Lextacy, 22, from Mayfield Heights, Ohio. So when the 5-foot-4 hiking and camping buff learned that HUSTLER is constantly hunting for neophyte nude models, she didn't hightail it into the wild. Instead, as Lextacy explains, "I wanted to prove I was sexy enough to be published." Mission accomplished. "I'm easygoing and open-minded," the bodacious baredevil adds. "My favorite singer is Skrillex, my favorite TV shows are Bob's Burgers and Adventure Time, and I do all I can to make my partner happy, especially in bed. Once in a while I like to dress up for him and maybe bring another woman into the mix." -Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio









We've given Alice Little, 26, an encore for being more than just a "sweet, playful and personable" cutie. The 4-foot-8 ex-jockey from Wichita, Kansas, came close to winning our Beaver of the Year contest. Alongside her is Roxanne Price, 22, from Houston, Texas. "Appearing in HUSTLER is an awesome opportunity to be seen by new people and potentially meet them." the 5-foot-7 legal courtesan declares. Sex isn't her only kick. "I'm a total geek," she quips. "I love playing video games, and I sketch." Posing nude with Alice Little was a no-brainer for Roxanne: "I'm very picky about the women I'm with, and Alice fills the bill perfectly. I absolutely love petite redheads! We've developed amazing chemistry since we met." (The bosom buddles work at neighboring cathouses outside Carson City, Nevada.) Alice marvels, "Roxanne and I hit it off during our first two-girl party [sex with a customer] and ended up becoming the best of friends. We have fun in and out of the bedroom. We have a great natural chemistry that we love to share with others. Despite our different body types, we complement each other so well. It's the best of both worlds. I'm tiny and petite; she's busty and tall." -Photos by Friend















### **DG TWINS**

Hailing from hole-in-the-wall Morgantown, Indiana, are rap artists Amber and Angelia Richhart, 31, who live up to their full moniker Dirty Girls. Back in 2009 and 2010 the 5-foot-5 twins were Beavers, posing solo and side by side. "Angelia and I wanted to be in our fave men's magazine again," bottle-blonde Amber tells us. "We both love HUSTLER, being naked and sex! We have the ultimate sister bond. We share boyfriends and girlfriends, and we love experiencing new things." Angelia chimes in, "We're crazy, adventurous and wild best friends. We even sleep together sometimes—but just to feel close and keep warm." Their pas-

times, however, don't always mesh. "I like camping and writing poetry," Amber reveals. Angelia? "I dig painting, horseback riding and swimming, not to mention sunbathing nude in the summer. I also walk around our house naked because I feel free and uninhibited." As for being quintessential dirty girls,







Amber fesses up, "I love to be handcuffed and told what to do. Nothing is hotter than a man who takes what he wants! I like to be cuffed and stuffed!" Angelia counters, "I'm the complete opposite. I love to control my lovers, especially a man who knows how to lick a pussy. You could say that I'm a dominatrix from a bitch matrix!" Wrapping things up, Amber announces, "Our band DG3 is looking for a recording contract. That's our fantasy. We've got lots of songs and a big-time producer coaching us in the studio."

—Photos by Angelia Richhart











### **FELONY**

Felony, 37, from Huntington Beach, California, loves her job, but she also adores her leisure time. "I like shooting guns, hiking, rock climbing, fishing, camping and quad bungee jumping," the 5-foot-5 hard-rock fan discloses. "I'm into anything that involves the outdoors and not being stuck inside." Nevertheless, Felony enjoys being intimate with guests in her lair at northern Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. "I'm 100% into everything involving sex," the legal courtesan raves. "I love the passion, the exploring, the connection and the touch. I always want to make sure that my partner is completely satisfied in every single way, but I can also be a dominant mistress. If a man needs to be put in his place, I'm the woman to make sure he licks my boots and says 'Yes, ma'am. Thank you.'"

——Photos by Friend



"Jumping out of an airplane and having a sexual encounter on the way down tops my fantasy list."



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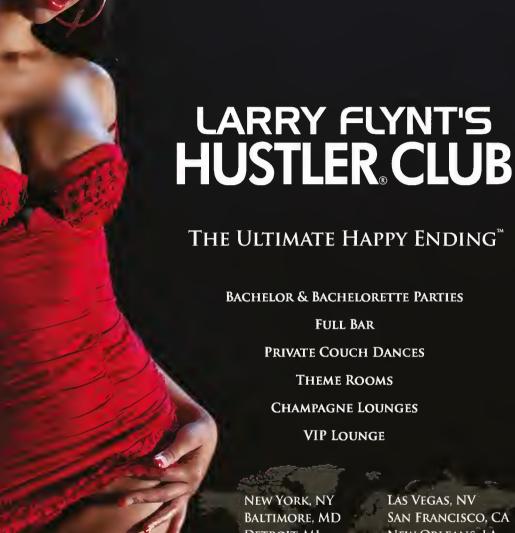












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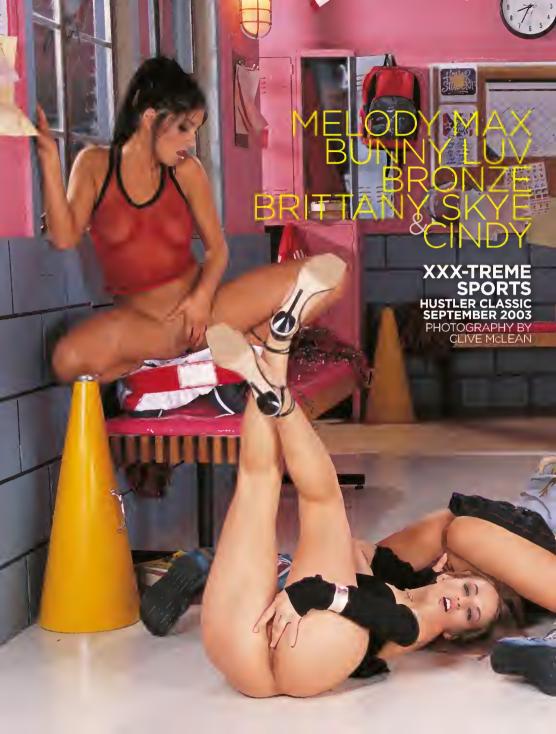
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#### MICHAEL RAPAPORT

Fresh off Atypical and the newly released This Book Has Balls, the refreshingly outspoken redhead loudly shares his thoughts on the greatest athletes of all time, "stickmen" in Hollywood and the White House career of the man he calls "little-dick dumpy Donald." Interview by T.S. Farley. Photography by Marius Bugge.







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